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Judge

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THE SACRILEGIOUS CANDIDATE.

No man who drags into the dust the most sacred symbols of the Christian world is fit to be president of the United States.

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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MY! WHAT A NARROW escape Thomas C. Platt had!

* * *

THE LAST FEATHER in Senator Hill's cap says, "I am a nondescript."

* * *

NANSEN came back mostly for the purpose of remarking that he wants to go again.

* * *

MR. BRYAN will find, we think, that the enemy's country comprises the larger portion of the United States.

* * *

CONGRESSMAN SULZER has the courage of *his* convictions, and besides he has the convictions

* * *

"PERHAPS it was well to dissemble your love," quoth Warner Miller, "but why did you kick me down stairs?"

* * *

THE PARTIES who are sailing the Democratic ship are mutineers and have no rights which Democrats are bound to respect.

* * *

A MORE DANGEROUS VOCATION.

CUSTOMER—"You guarantee this suit to be genuine alligator, impervious to sticks, stones, etc., eh?"
FLORIDA MERCHANT—"Yes, sir; and bullets too. Detective, sir?"
CUSTOMER—"No; national league umpire."

"A CLERGYMAN who can swim is a handy man to have around," says the Rochester *Union.* Why, yes—in a Baptist community anyhow.

* * *

"WHAT WILL a dinner at Wolfert's Roost bring forth?" asks a contemporary. Dyspepsia, good sir. Its owner is unmarried, and no domestic birds roost there.

* * *

"HASN'T THE SOUTH played second fiddle long enough?" asks a populist orator. See here, son! The south took the first fiddle at Sumter and played it over four years, and see what a mess it made of it.

* * *

IT IS NOT impossible that the tax-payers of Spain will stop the war in Cuba. The taxes impoverish them and they object to being reduced to absolute poverty. Hitherto the Cubans have had a monopoly of that suffering, and they think it ought to continue.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY writes in defense of Robert Burns's improper affection for women. If Robert might return he would write a poem to put a stop to that kind of business. It comes too late, and besides the larger portion of the world has forgotten all about it.

VERY SUCCESSFUL FAILURES.

IN THE CASE of Nansen it was insufficiency of dog In that of Andree it was superfluity of contrary wind In all the cases it was lack of human ingenuity and fortitude. But the last two failures were improvements on the others. Curiously enough, it wasn't necessary to get up expeditions to discover the discoverers.

THE VIRTUE OF LAZINESS.

THE CHARGE of the revolting Chinamen that their emperor is lazy is characteristic of those contrary people. In more civilized countries the people know that the more lazy the rulers the less the mischief. The kaiser has never such good government as when he doesn't meddle with it; and Mr. Cleveland is never so valuable a statesman as when he goes fishing.

THEIR WAY.

TWO DEMURE WOMEN recently won about seven hundred dollars at poker on a yacht near here, and the losers declare with emphasis that they are not fitted for such business, that they are advancing too fast, that they are unsexing themselves. And really it was not fair play. Had they lost they would have wept themselves to death; or thev would have grabbed the pot with a wild shriek and repudiated the entire debt.

COWARDS.

A NEW NAME for hazing is "cowardice." Is there any ranker cowardice? The new student is timid and helpless, and the hulking boors who torture him are unavoidably cowards. They so advertise themselves, and are fools enough to be proud of their notoriety. The scoundrelism is to be stopped at West Point, and to begin with two bullies have been dismissed from the academy. There ought to be no such blatant, brutal cowards in any college.

A NAME WITHOUT A SOUL.

A FAMOUS DEMOCRAT said many years ago, "I would vote the Democratic ticket if the devil stood at the head of it." He might have done so with some show of reason if the platform had been Democratic and decent; but in the present case the populists and anarchists and repudiators have not only stolen the old name but have destroyed every old Democratic principle. Mr. Bryan as the representative of this scoundrelism ought to have no aid or comfort from any honest man, partisan or independent.

"THE YOUNG ABE LINCOLN."

NO QUARREL, personal or factional, goes with the Saratoga ticket into this canvass. It settled the differences in the convention, and it brings harmony to the party throughout the state. The JUDGE has sympathy for the defeated candidates for nomination, but they know it was a fair fight to a fair finish. Mr. Black is an earnest, honest, thoughtful, able man; and the other candidates equally deserve the distinction conferred upon them. The Republican national and state tickets will win New York beyond a doubt.

'RAH FOR SULZER!

THE DEMOCRATS at Buffalo will give as much aid and comfort to the popocratic ticket as they dare. It will be partially open and partially surreptitious; and as for those of them who wear the Tammany label they will roar for Bryan till their hair rises and their hats go skyward. They must give evidence, however, of their sincerity, and if they "mean business" they will nominate Congressman Sulzer for governor. That young man was a repudiating soldier and a silver pilgrim at Chicago; and as the pioneer of the newest Democratic iniquity he must lead the funeral and engineer the hearse.

PAT—"Fer th' love av hivin, Moike, phwat air ye borin' a hole in yer boat fer?"
MIKE—"Begob! there's wan hole in it now thot lets th' wather in, an' Oi'm goin' t' put another wan in t' let it out!"

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE philosopher was sad, his brow was heavy with the gloom of doubt.

Reason's insidious pride had led his steps into fatal paths. He had faltered in his faith and the theories of a false-hearted philosophy had driven from out his mind the image of Omnipotence and left in it but a fatuous darkness that boded of death.

Musingly he sat, trying eagerly to reconcile with the rules of his logic the promptings of a proud soul. And ambition wrestled with intellect, and the mute voice of conscience whispered warningly to both. But ambition rose triumphantly over all and stood boldly forth, casting o'er the mind a sepulchral glare mistaken for the effulgence of genius. And, as he lingered on, immersed in dreams of learned conquest, he felt on his knee a tiny hand. Looking down, he beheld his favorite child, and taking him up caressed him. "Here, at least," he said, "is a precious reality which admits not of doubt."

But the child seemed strangely wistful and gazed wonderingly far out into the night. Noticing it, the philosopher asked,

"Of what are you thinking, darling?"

"Papa, who made the stars?"

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

ESSENTIALLY QUALIFIED.

MRS. MOTHERLY (*anxiously*) — "I don't know what we're ever going to make of Reginald—he seems absolutely incapable of helping himself."

HER BROTHER—"Why not make a bank-cashier of him, then?"

DOROTHY'S DIMPLES.

AS SOFT sunbeams plash
In a lakelet of white,
So Dorothy's dimples
Are dimples of light.

And as little waves run
From that plashment away,
So the curve of her smile
Widens out through the day;

Widens out to the faces
That see her the while,
That move to her dimples
And smile with her smile.

AMOS R. WELLS.

THEY GO TOGETHER.

"WHAT is the main requisite in a good husband?"

"A good wife."

THE TABLES TURNED.

The boys work up a blank-cartridge duel with the colored cook for a little fun at his expense.——

——But Uncle Eph rings in an act not on their programme.

Photo. by Morrison.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ADELE RITCHIE.

If, listening, one should close his eyes
While you were singing, and surmise
The singer, he might fancy that he
Was hearing Melba or la Patti.
And yet, I think he'd better do
With open eyes to gaze on you.

IN PALLIATION.

CLEWS is an assistant to one of the government surveyors up in the Kootenay country. He is a gentleman of uncertain age and was, for two years of a life otherwise badly chipped and battered, a member of a blue-ribbon band. During that time his people in England had hopes of him. Then there came a black day when, with the rigorous honesty that characterized his sane moments, he inclosed his blue ribbon in a sheet of the crested paper he possessed at intervals and sent it to the man who had induced him to sign the pledge. After that for several recurrent occasions in the year the camp did without Clews's services.

A few weeks ago his survey party pitched tent near a Kootenay mining town, which, if not lawless, has at least many elements of conviviality, and presently Clews was missing. The time was unseasonable and it was with relief that the men shortly beheld his return in an unassailable condition.

"How goes it, Clews?" called out the surveyor in restored good humor.

"Oh, it's a dead-and-alive place!" growled Clews affrontedly.

An hour later, however, he was again reported missing, and this time the mode of his return gave rise to suspicion. The surveyor sighed.

"How goes it now?" he asked resignedly, and received the reassuring information that "she was accumulatin'."

Late that night, after Clews had finally torn himself from the charms of mining society, his chief pointed out the inconvenience of being without an assistant, and also the fact that it was barely six weeks since the last relapse.

"What do you mean by getting full just now anyway?" he queried disgustedly.

"I'm celebratin'," replied the prodigal solemnly.

"Celebrating what?"

"Oh, celebratin'," weakly.

The surveyor glared at him speechlessly. Clews sat still a moment. Then he felt moved to particularize.

"I'm celebratin' the—the"—he rubbed his head reflectively until a happy justification occurred to him. "The change," he straightened himself up proudly—"I'm celebratin' the change of the moon."

MADGE ROBERTSON.

The three muskeeters as they nightly appear with great success to the New Jersey Trilby.

SUN-STRUCK.

ROONEY—"Phwat ails yez, Casey?"
CASEY—"Sun-shtruck."
ROONEY—"Moike or Pat?"

NO FARMER.

FARMER GREENE—"I don't see how it is, ef yew wuz born an' brought up on a farm, yew don't know nuthin' 'bout farmin'."

WEARY WILLIE—"I'll tell yew how that is, boss; me old man wuz a populist."

DURING THE HOT SPELL.

WEARY WILLIE—"Wud yer sooner freeze ter death er burn ter death, Fields?"
FLOWERY FIELDS—"I'd sooner freeze ter death sech weather as dis."

POLITICAL ITEM.

"THE greatest run I ever made," remarked the Nebraska politician as he stood his crutch in the corner, "was for a cyclone cave, and I didn't get there."

A VERSE.

IF THE red rose is a pink rose
That blushed at the sun's warm kiss,
And the white rose is a pink rose
Turned pale from the loss of this,
From whence, then, comes the pink rose,
Author of white and red,
Who blushes not when the sun shines clear,
Nor pales when he hides his head?

ESTHER KING SUYDAM.

SHE WASN'T SURE.

Gladys—"That young man looked at you very hard. Do you know him?"

Dolly—"I think I have seen him before, but I really can't remember whether he was the gentleman who saved my life from drowning, or merely one of those to whom I was engaged."

EXCEPTIONS.

"THERE were only two dry eyes in the house."

"How do you know about those two?"

"I happened to know that two men in the audience had a glass eye apiece."

IN A QUANDARY.

THERE may be some way out of this,
But I cannot discern it;
For if I wish to keep her love
How dare I then return it?

THE PARADOX OF IT.

Brown—"There is one thing that has struck me about female suffrage."

Mrs. Brown—"What's that, my dear?"

Brown—"As soon as a woman becomes unconventional she does nothing but attend conventions."

Mademoiselle Merade as she is—— ——and as she might be.

Dear Sirs: i didn't do a days work fer 12 years — i took 6 Bottles of your Tonnic —— and have worked 8 hours a day ever since. - rite along yours rc
Willie Swingletree Raggles.
Cell 50 State Penitentiary

A TESTIMONIAL.

A "FAITHFUL" ANIMAL.

DOG TRAY (*breaking speed records*)—"Goodness only knows what it is; but give me the old reliable tin can every day in the week to what I'm up against."

THE THING IN A NUTSHELL.

"BUT, my dear sir," said the sound-money man to the homespun visitor, "don't you know that the silver in the silver dollar is worth only about fifty cents?"

"That's all right. You needn't think you can fool me, even if I do come from the country. You say the silver is worth only fifty cents. All right. Now let me tell you that the alloy makes up the other fifty cents. Get over that if you can. You town folks make me tired; you think you know everything."

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

THOUGH all things go by opposites
They give us many clews.
You'll find the shine is on your coat
When none is on your shoes.

THE GROWTH OF LANGUAGE.

Hojack—"How do you suppose the term 'done up' came into use as a synonym of maltreated or ruined, Tomdik?"

Tomdik—"It dates from the beginning of the steam laundries, and was suggested by the condition of a shirt after going through the doing-up process."

INTOXICATED.

"OH, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"See that man biking without his wheel."

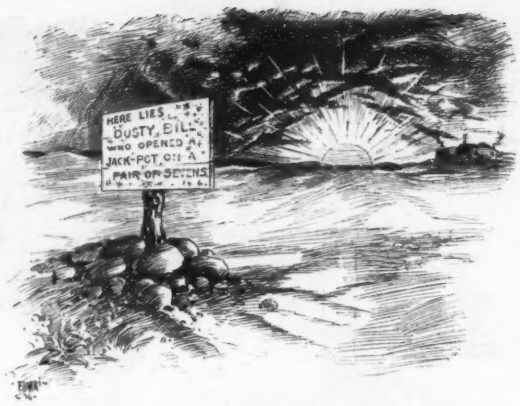
OH—OH!

SAID the lord chief justice to one of his English friends,

"Did I understand you to say Mr. Hanna was a stanch Republican?"

"Certainly, my lord. Why do you ask?" was the reply.

"Well, I am credibly informed," rejoined the eminent jurist, "that upon his return to the bosom of his family the other day he at once became a Hanna-kissed."



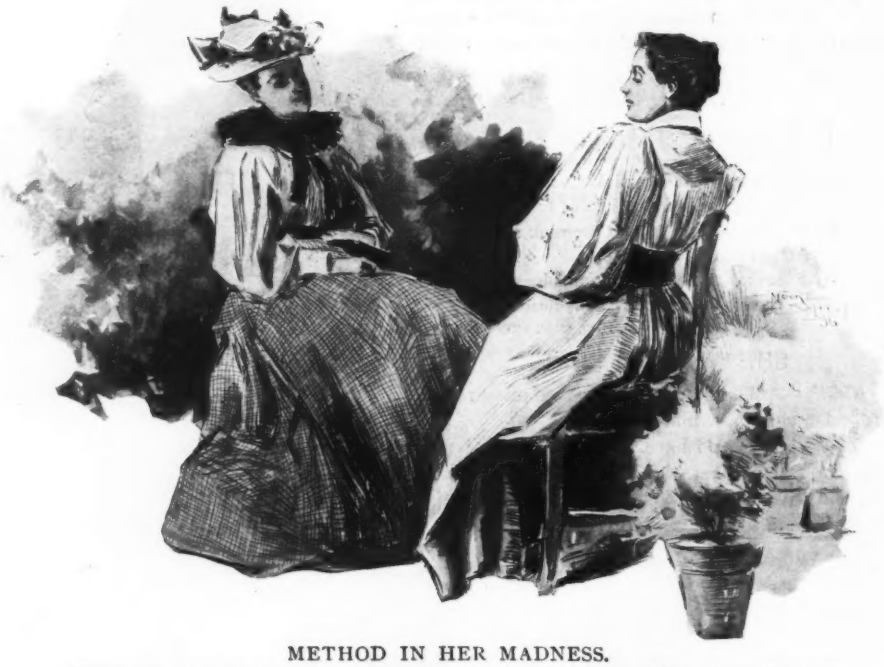
A SKETCH FROM TEXAS.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

"MY FRIENDS!" exclaimed the orator in his most impassioned tones, "the great difficulty with the world, the great trouble with mankind, is unrest."

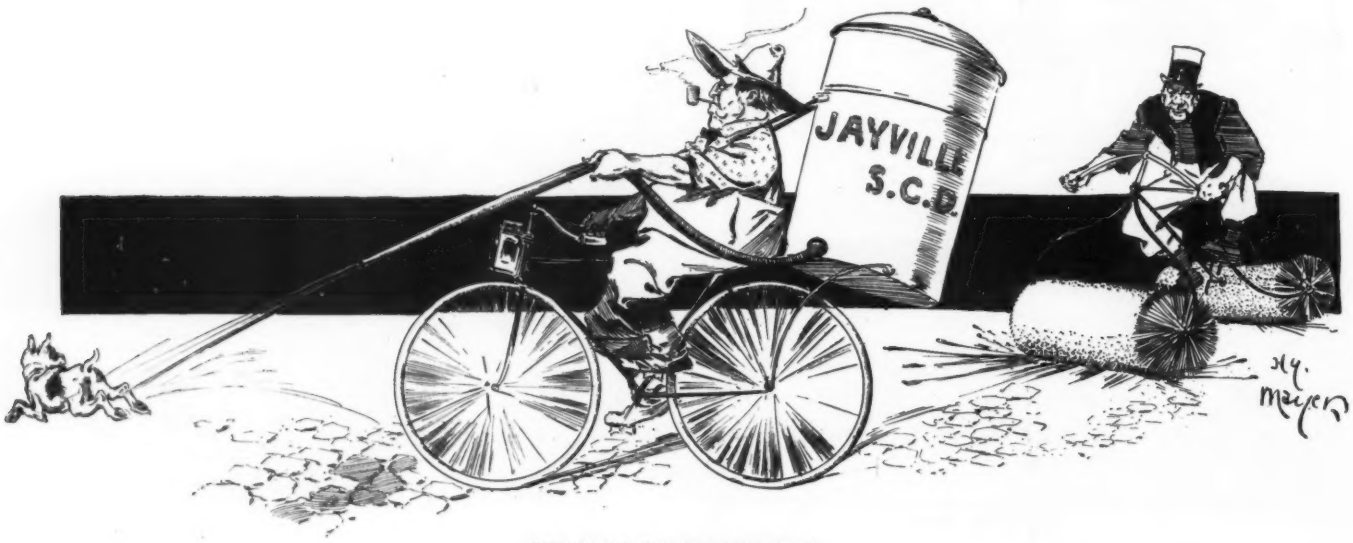
And the thin, tired-looking man on the end of the front row aroused himself and exclaimed, "That's a fact."

He was the father of recent twins, and he knew.



METHOD IN HER MADNESS.

DOROTHY—"So you are going to marry Mr. Dasher against the wishes of your father?"
GUINEVERE—"Nonsense! I only want pa to take me to Europe this season."



INROADS OF THE WHEEL.

With the advent of the wheel Jaytown and Bryanville may afford the luxury of a street-cleaning department.

THE SCORCHER'S FATE.

HE WAS born in humble station with a humbler education, and his former occupation was not generally known.
But he rose upon our vision with a nation's recognition and adorned his high position with the name "The Bicyclone."

His biographer has stated that his wheel had immolated, ere his scorching rage was sated, ghastly victims near a score;
Blind men tumbled into gutters, cripples wended home on shutters, the death angel wildly flutters where his wheel has rolled in gore.

Ah, the maniacs who are raving in asylums, simply craving silence, and all horrors braving to escape that fiendish bell,
Jangling, jangling just before you, just behind you, crashing o'er you, at your elbow, till once more you wish the ringer was in—Havana!

By the law of gravitation ballast makes safe navigation, so the scorcher found salvation in his long and empty head;
While his feet grew stronger, bigger, and his intellectual vigor sought the basement of his figure while his upper works were dead.

So he rose in estimation of the world and of the nation, and they gave him an ovation for his awful three-mile ride,
Where he met a lady biker by the name of Susan Stryker, and our scorcher seemed to like her when she coasted by his side.

They were married while the squashes with the county fair b'gosh is and the hoss-trot sprawls and sploshes with the biker round the track,
And, to win the ad captandum vulgus, rode home on a tandem while the wings of Cupid fanned 'em on each humped bicycle back.

There were three of them this autumn where the county fair had brought 'em, and our artist here has caught 'em as they entered for the prize.
See this second generation and the awful consummation—give him due consideration with his eager goggle eyes.

Oh, beware of pigeon-toeing, or of spinal-column bowing, think of elbows outward growing like the wings upon a bat.
And a chin—oh, ain't it horrid?—on a level with your forehead and your stomach dry and torrid wondering where your liver 's at.

A. T. WORDEN.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

COLONEL KENTUCK (*not knowing there had been a flood in the vicinity*)—"Who'd think there wuz derned fools thet squander money on watuh!"

A BOY'S MISCONSTRUCTION.

"I'VE been watchin' this chimney for more 'n an hour," said Davie disgustedly, "t' see it carry th' smoke off, like pop said it would, an' it hasn't moved!"

MUST BE DEVOTED.

Clara—"Do you think he's fond of her?"
Ethel—"It looks like it. He cleaned her bicycle yesterday."

BIASED.

Wheeler—"My doctor advises me to cycle; but I don't think I will do so."
Bell—"You don't?"
Wheeler—"No. I think he's biased—he's a surgeon."

AS UNCLE PETE SEES IT.

SOME polerticians act 'sef dey gwine use dey mouf foh a ballot-box.
De poah man may vote on princerple, but de uddah fellah gwine 'klect de intrus.
An hones' man 'll pop up de price o' hay 'thout swarin' at de weathuh.
W'en de debbil 's on a bike de preachuh's got t' hussel.
Allus try t' look wise. Mebbe some pusson in de crowd doan' know ye.
De contrary man is allus hangin' 'roun' de mental cross-roads.

J. H. MACKLEY.

BOUND TO LEARN.

STRANGER—"Well, well, this is too bad. What did it, cyclone?"
GARDENER—"'S-s-sh! there he comes now."

SPORTING TERM.

Getting in the pink of condition.

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FORBEAR

SHADE OF LINCOLN—"Stop! How dare you try to r

FORBEAR!

re you try o revive a war of sections? Remember 1861."

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI.

(After the Japanese poem by Teiichi Yamagata.)

LIPS like the rose-leaf—yet she talks of war!
The spirit of the race in her revealed
Might soldiers lead, or make an army yield.
Eyes, in their gleaming like a tender star,
Hath she: defenses more unfailing far
Than fortresses, than flags upon the field.
Ah, heart of valor, hid in beauty's shield!
In time of peace, a love to languish for.

Sons of the Sword—O Samurai! of late
If ye be changed from the proud men of yore,
This daughter, risen to your high estate,
Upholds your honor fairer than before.
She is the empire's glory and its power—
And yet, in peace, a peerless lovely flower.

HENRY TYRRELL.

HIS GROSS INDIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Veripoor—"Mamma, John was nearly drowned at the beach."

Mamma—"Indeed? Had you his accident policy for ten thousand dollars?"

Mrs. Veripoor—"Yes."

Mamma—"Did he struggle hard?"

Mrs. Veripoor—"Awfully."

Mamma—"Just like John—so thoughtless!"

THE RULING PASSION.

Gus—"Jack, old boy, it breaks me all up to tell you, but the doctors have decided against you."

Jack (very sick)—"What do they say?"

Gus—"That you've only one chance in a hundred to get well."

Jack (who is an inveterate bettor)—"Egad! those are big odds. Go you a fifty that I pull through."

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

WEARY HAYRICK—"Wot blunders dese printers do make! Here's an article says, 'Another populist becomes insane'"

TOTTERING JAGGS—"Wot's de error dere?"

WEARY HAYRICK—"W'y, uv course wot dey meant ter say wuz, 'Another insane man becomes a populist.'"

WHAT PREVENTED HER.

Deaf-mute lover (speaking through finger-signs)—"Please sing for me, dearest."

Deaf-mute loved one (ditto, regretfully)—"I can't, dear; I have a sore thumb."

1. Mr. Dauber works a year on a picture, and being unable to find a purchaser during the following three years ——

2. ——puts it up at auction and sells it for fifty dollars, frame included.

3. Mr. Sketcher, the caricaturist, dashes off a pen-drawing in an hour and a half, and——

4. ——receives a cheque for one hundred dollars for it the next day.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

It's easy for newspapers to make mistakes, but when the compositor of a western paper said a local citizen had died "after a long period of general deviltry," when he meant "general debility," it somewhat smacks of willful transformation.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering. Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., 187 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

POSTHUMOUS LEAFLETS

By W—t W—tm—n

(*Deciphered by J. C. O. from a musty manuscript whose existence was recalled by the New York Sun's attempted revival of Whitmanism.*)

I am nothing commonplace. I say I am Time's matrix!
I say I have given birth to more things than a century of cropping summers!
Thoughts—single, in twins, triplets, yea, in broods—have quitted me by the myriad!
I say this, and yet I am robust and good for fresh legions!
I am, moreover, some æons older than the world in its present shape.
I say this because I have been there and sat by the cooling planets!
I listened for some cycles before the morning stars struck a chord!
I heard the young earth's glaciers grinding past, and the sound was familiar!
I anticipated Tom Carlyle and Will Shakespeare by the life-time of a sun!
I know what I say; therefore don't stop me. I am no fool.
I am a thorough-bred soul, though some ages prematurely begotten.
The lightning would have no more effect on me than a lamp's ray on case-hardened steel!
Poets—so-called!—and critics (soi disant!) still gaff me, in their weak way.
Yet, when they have all been dead some scores of centuries, the mothers
Will be naming their first-borns Walt. (I say this for their behoof.)
Meantime, in the great unseen, I and Ingersoll and Eddie Arnold,
And sundry others who caught glimpses of me in this sphere,
Will be throwing crumbs of condescension to certain fawning spirits that I could name!
Many in this feeble time don't fancy my diction. That makes me smile!
Rhymes, melody, rhythm, style and perspicuity were invented for the nursery. I want no "Mother Goose" in mine!
But I do not scorn my critics. I am too magnanimous for that.
There is nothing small about me—except my body and my modesty!
And that is why the little people can't measure my real dimensions!
I am talking—not for the swarming midgets of this beastly generation,
But for the full-brained, intellectual Brobdingnags of the year 10,000!
The truth is, as before hinted, I was born out of time, by some ages.
And so, when I become loquacious it is merely to entertain myself
And a few other choice souls—but devilish few, I assure you!

—*J. C. Ochiltree in Indianapolis Journal.*

Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

quickly relieved by

Packer's Tar Soap.

"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

THIN FACES ROUNDED, Hard lines softened, all wrinkles and blemishes eradicated by JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y., inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

I would rather go out and spend the long days of golden summer among the clover-blossoms of the meadow, raking hay and hornets into large winrows, while they sniff the refreshing odor of the mignonette and the morning-glory and the boiling soft-soap, than to hang like a wart on journalism. Too many editors linger and fritter away the heyday of life and owe most everybody instead of bristling up and winning a deathless name and scads of the wherewith that will prevent the public from frankly acknowledging that they are pan-American "yaller dogs" led around by a string.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

America is fast forging ahead in everything. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is excelled by no foreign article.

Enraptured youth—"Be my wife and I will love you forever." *Miss Chicago*—"Young man, your ardor flatters my vanity, I admit; but such free and unlimited declarations savor a good deal of rashness. But don't look so cast down. I will accept you for five years with the privilege of renewal."—*Buffalo Express.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

Little mendicant—"Please, sir, give me a nickel." *Benevolent clergyman*—"Have you no parents?" *Little mendicant*—"No, sir; I am an orphan by birth."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE UNFINISHED POEM.

This is the way he left it—blank, you see,
From canto sixth, ninth verse. What stopped his pen?
Death? Nay! Mark well the last stroke's symmetry,
The neat, clear period. Death had slurred that n,
Broken ragged off, forgot his sentence's close,
Or smeared it with a mournful blot. But here
You find conclusion, far as symbol goes,
Formal, completeness—that, or very near.
What then—sharp sickness? News that smote his soul,
Or crazed with joy? bereavement? legacy?
A passion suddenly beyond control?
A call to arms? or summons over sea?

Not these, nor yet the pinch of grinning want,
Nor wolf at door, with fierce, intrusive snout
And drooling chaps and body lean and gaunt.
'Twas simply this—the poem petered out.

—*Boston Literary World.*

It is a shame to deceive the American public with cheap, spurious imitations. Insist on having Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine.

Striking manners are bad manners.—*Robert Hall.*

"HUNTER Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's ***WHISKEY.***

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

Pure, Old, Mellow.

SOLD AT ALL

First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"De labor dat sum ob dese yer politicians puts intoe schemes toe git sumfin' fo' nuffin'," remarked Uncle Eben, "reminds me ob de man dat put in all his spare time fo' six mont's makin' er counterfeit one-dollah bill dat wudn't pass when he got it done."—*Washington Star.*

HERTEL,

HIGH-CLASS TAILOR.

255 FIFTH AVENUE,

Bet. 28th and 29th Sts.,

New York.

Correct Styles.
Imported Fabrics Exclusively.

"Do I love George?" mused Clara softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for"— Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her sweet meditations. "Get out of here, you little brat!" she shouted, and seizing him by the arm she shot him through the door. "Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."—*Louisville Commercial.*

Kate—"Carrie was just as selfish as she could be last summer." *Maud*—"In what way?" *Kate*—"Why, there was only one man at the hotel, and she stayed engaged to him the whole summer."—*Evening World.*

The king of Aragon once said, "There are four things in the world worth living for—old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with." The king was satisfied with any old thing.—*Washington Times.*

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YALE MIXTURE

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PAMPHLET FREE.

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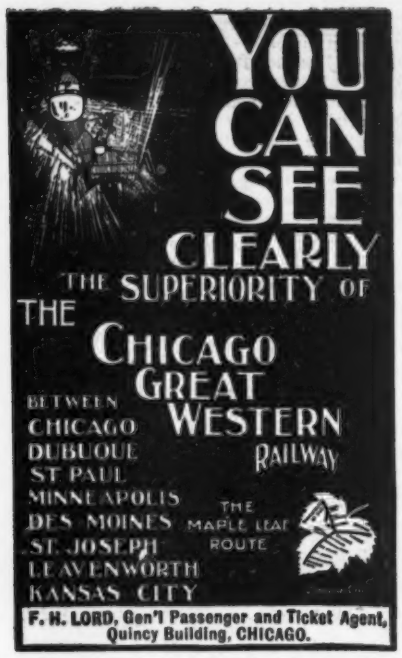
PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the Campaign includes Twelve Detective Stories by CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Price, $1.00.



An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra!" said Pat, "if a cat should hov kittens in th' oven would yez call thim biscuits?"—*Toronto Christian Guardian.*

"I haven't had any peace of mind at all," said Mr. Lushly, "since my wife got the bicycle craze." "She wants to ride, does she?" "No; she wants me to ride. She says she believes that a man who is out at night is as safe if he's confronted with the responsibility of getting a bicycle back home as he is if he has signed the pledge."—*Washington Star.*

I doan' kere how t'ick de woods ah, dar's one tree dat is tallah dan de res'.—Sum men want mo'en a gun toe make 'em brave.—Yo' mus' stay in de mahket all de time toe git bahgains.—De almighty dollah is gittin' toe be our nashunal emblem.—De mo' polish yo' put on a mean man de bettah de debil is suited.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

Both Liquid and Powder. In every package a bottle of liquid Sozodont (use daily), a box of fine Sozodont powder (use twice a week). No other dentifrice so complete, so safe, so certain to give the best results.

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A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

Wunside—"Our candidate is not at all afraid to say what he thinks. There is nothing shrinking about him." *Tutherside*—"How opinions do differ! It seems to me that the more we learn of him the more he shrinks."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Umbell—"Even the worm will turn." *His wife* (scornfully)—"You are scarcely a worm." *Mr. U.* (reminiscently)—"Possibly not now, my dear; but I can remember, away back yonder, hearing folks say something about an early bird when you got me."—*New York Sun.*

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Generally Sold Everywhere.

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OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 North Pryor Street.

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FRECKLES, MOTH PATCHES, Liver Spots, all skin blemishes permanently removed. John H. Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y., inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Sold everywhere.

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C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent,

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MAJOR BLUNDERBORE (*who has just told our artist a regular side-splitter*)—"Well, *that's* a good 'un, ain't it? Anyhow, it's quite new and original, for it was said only last night by a clever little girl I know—a niece of my own."

OUR ARTIST—"Yes; it's a capital story."

MAJOR BLUNDERBORE—"Then why didn't you laugh?"

OUR ARTIST—"Because I told it to you myself only last week—and *you* didn't laugh."

—*Punch.*

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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

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"Oh, what's the matter, brother? At the foot of all the line?"
Asked the sympathizing passer of the captain of the nine.
"Ah, no," replied the captain, "we're becoming used to that,
But the pitcher's drawn his wages and has gone upon a bat."
—*Washington Capital.*

President White's farewell address to the students of Cornell university was replete with common sense, but there was one bit of advice which was pre-eminently sound. "Do not try to be smart," he said, "but do everything that comes to your lot in a faithful and satisfactory manner."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"How's things in yer settlement?" "Purty bad!" "What's the trouble?" "Well, them that ain't got the chills is got the seven-year eetch; thar ain't enough money in town to buy quinine, an' the doctor's done handcuffed the eetch fellers so's they can't scratch!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE WINNER

OF THE NEW YORK STATE 2-3 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP,

run at Albany, N. Y., August 22d, was mounted on a SYRACUSE Bicycle. So were the two riders that next followed him over the tape.

Fast and furious was the pace set by those Sycamores, for they also won the Six County Championship and the mile tandem.

By the way, you should have seen the speedy Riverside pair defeat the "Pink Team" from Utica. Of course the winning team

Was Mounted on a SYRACUSE.

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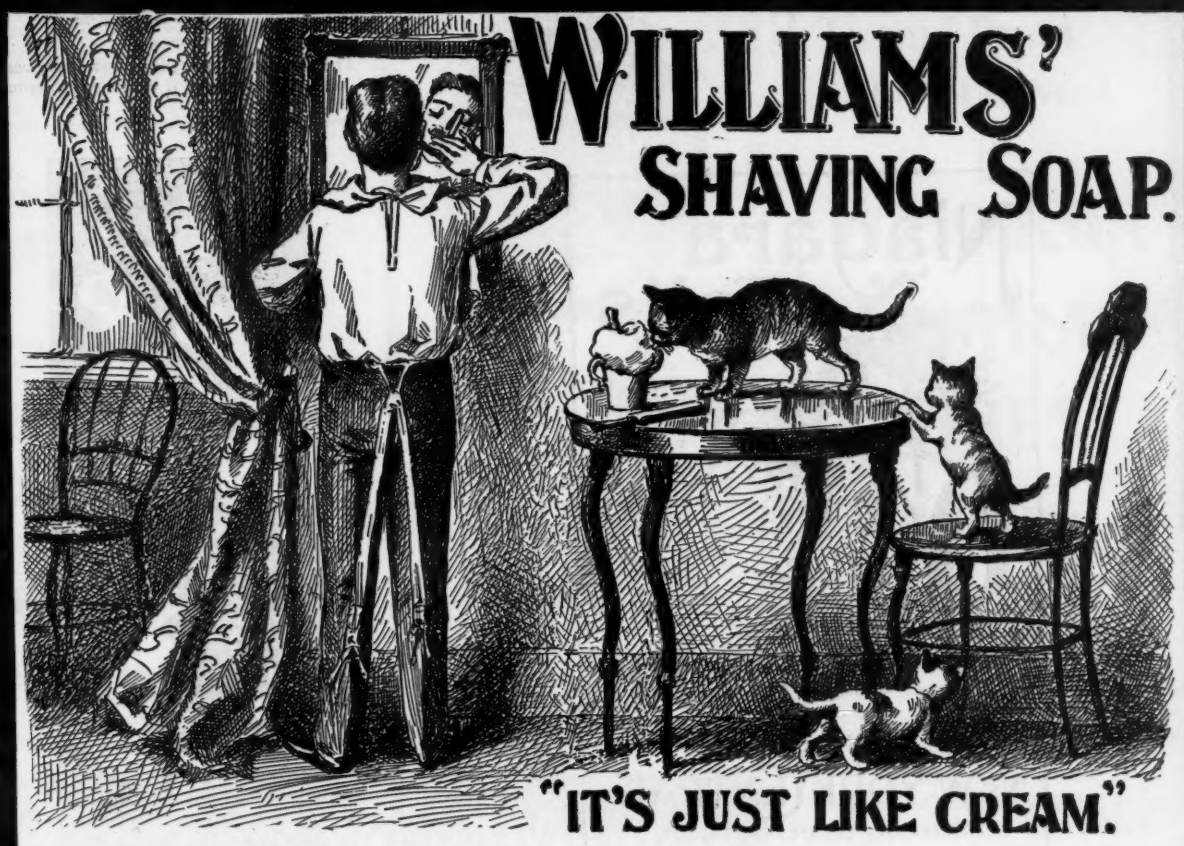

EVERY ONE KNOWS the cooling, soothing, healing effect upon the face of pure, rich cream.

The Rich, Luxurious Lather of Williams' Soap is "Just Like Cream." It penetrates the pores of the face, softens the beard—heals, soothes, comforts, and makes **shaving a delight.**

GREAT SUFFERING and dangerous cutaneous diseases result from the use of so-called "cheap soaps" which some barbers use, and some dealers offer—because they cost a little less than "Williams' Soap."

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On account of its wonderfully pure, delicate, cream-like qualities, Williams' Soap is **matchless for Toilet and Bath,** *and is used in thousands of homes, exclusively. Trial sample for a 2c. stamp—if you want to test it.*

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—*in four principal forms*— *are sold by Dealers everywhere.*

Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c. Round—just fits the cup. Delightfully perfumed.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap, 10c.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.

Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes (1 Pound), in a package, **40c.**

NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these Soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for $1.00 in stamps.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**

LONDON: 64 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W. C.

Yeast—"Your landlady says you are behind with your board." *Crimsonbeak*—"Well, she's dead wrong. I'm ahead. I owe her forty-five dollars."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The following, reflecting both good judgment and taste upon Newport society, is taken from a late issue of *Town and County:*

"In Newport, the trysting-place of America's wealth and beauty, the bicycle has become not only a fad but a necessity. The carriage is necessary for conveyance to a ball or reception, but for a ride about the drives the wheel is preferred, and in the afternoon it is no uncommon sight to see the season's belles and beaux, and with them millionaires known the world over, speeding around the ten-mile drive, taking far more pleasure in so doing than they formerly did in covering the same ground in their luxurious equipages, behind costly teams. These swell cyclists are as particular in the appointments of their wheels as they are of any of their other possessions. To cater to this exclusive trade the Syracuse Cycle Company have imported one hundred bicycles, spick and span from the factory, and have them quartered at Leland's Ocean, the élite hostelry of Newport. It is estimated that the cottage section alone utilize fifteen hundred wheels."

Della Ware (at Crystal beach)—"What style of head-gear would you wear to match this bathing-suit?" *Her dearest friend*—"I think I should wear something that had a veil on it, dear."—*Buffalo Times.*

"Come quick!" cried the girl in the crimson bathing-suit. "I see a sea-serpent." But nobody heeded her. She was the very girl who upon a previous day claimed she saw a man.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Matthews—"Do you know that the Spanish army in Cuba reminds me of Castellane?" *Weld*—"How's that?" *Matthews*—"Bound to have Anna."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.—*Chesterfield.*

If you find the cream is sour
When your coffee you have sipped
Do not at your poor wife glower,
For it may have just been whipped.
—*Boston Budget.*

Mrs. Jimsmith—"George, what does 'carte blanche' mean?" *Jimsmith*—"It refers to the way a man feels when he has got twenty-five dollars in his pocket and his wife has gone away for a week."—*Buffalo Express.*

Emily (playing house)—"Now I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies." *Willie* (after a moment, anxiously)—"Ain't it about time to whip the children?"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**

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SHE—"They say he married her for her figure."

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A Physician's Prescription Very Valuable to Men.

When a man has suffered for many years with a weakness that blights his life and robs him of all that really makes life worth living; when, after years of doctoring with all sorts of patent medicines and alleged specialties, he discovers a remedy that brings back to him the power and physical energy that seemed to him lost forever, he naturally feels generous. He wants his fellow-men to know about it. He feels that his mission on earth is to lift out of bondage men who are to-day battling with a shattered nervous system, just as he did; men who, by their own secret follies, are suffering a mental torture that words cannot adequately describe.

The world has come to look at such sufferers in a different light from former days. It now regards them as unfortunate, not criminal. They have lacked moral courage. They may be victims of inherited passion, or they have acquired secret habits from evil associates. But whatever may have been the incentive that causes a man to degrade his being and isolate himself from society, he needs a friend. He needs the right hand of fellowship and good cheer. It is wrong to denounce him for his folly, and it is equally useless to give him advice. He must have the hungry man's bread, not a stone, offered him. This is why I send the prescription that made me a man among men, free to any one who writes for it. I know the aversion that suffering men have to the least semblance of publicity, and I therefore send the prescription securely sealed in a plain envelope, without marks to show where it came from. Thousands of men have written me to say how glad they were to get this prescription, and every mail brings encouraging report of severe cases of physical debility cured and emaciated parts restored to natural strength.

Now, my friend, do not sit and wonder how I can afford to give away this valuable recipe, but write for it to-day. It is free to all, and I want every man to have it. Address, in the fullest confidence,

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"I see dat gold is comin' dis way," remarked Hopeful Harry. "Are we prepared for de influx, Willy?" "I was just t'inkin'," replied Wayworn Willie, "dat I would hire a bank vault, but on second t'ought I decided to keep my share in an oyster-can, so I won't have t' worry about bank-cashiers. Dere's too many of 'em belongs to Sunday-schools fer us capitalists to feel easy."—*Buffalo Express.*

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For Ladies and Children's Shoes

Catalogues on application.

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Jack was a little city boy, and it was his first day in the country. He ran into the house to his mother, his chubby hands full of mullein leaves. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "see the flannel I found growing in the yard!"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

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RUPTURE CURED.

WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
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An English paper reports the discovery of a real Mrs. Malaprop. She walked into the office of the judge of probate and inquired, "Are you the judge of reprobates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the lady. "You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."—*Boston Budget.*

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Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow.*

The women who hustle their children out of bed early and fuss all morning to get them off to Sunday-school in time, and fuss with their husbands because they don't go to church, are the only people who seem to be satisfied with the way they spend Sunday. A woman who has fussed with her family all day because they try to get out of going to church has such a sweet look of pious content at night it is a wonder the angels don't grab her to increase the heavenly host.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Hartford Single-Tube Tires are the Standard tires. They have many imitators, but the Hartford Rubber Works Company has been making single-tube tires for six years, and experience has taught them how to make the right kind of single-tube tire.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

A BITER BIT.

"By the way, Snookson, I've got a bet with my friend Brown here about that satirical poem of yours in this week's *Gadfly;* I said I couldn't for the life of me see any point in it, and he declares there *is* no point. Now, which of us two is right?"

—*Punch.*

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Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 123

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He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue.—*Blair.*

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Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made. Is oblong, goes in like a wedge, and lies around across the button-hole; no wear or tear. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold. Can be put on any sleeve-button. JUDGE indorses it as the best.

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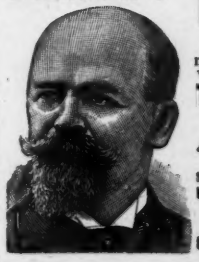
The law is without depth to those who without heed do plunge into it.—*Shakespeare.*

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
22 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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WANTED competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES. BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 1-4 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars.
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IF YOUR EYEBROWS ARE THICK or run together it can be remedied by JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y. Branches Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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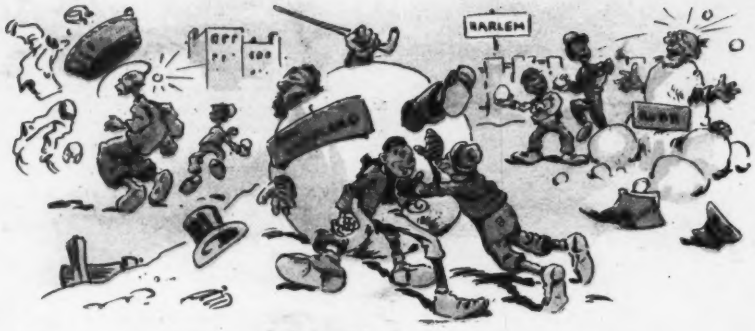
For sluggish blood the Hail-cure will be a novelty. Select a valuable tobacco-lot and wait for hail. (It never misses a valuable tobacco-lot.)



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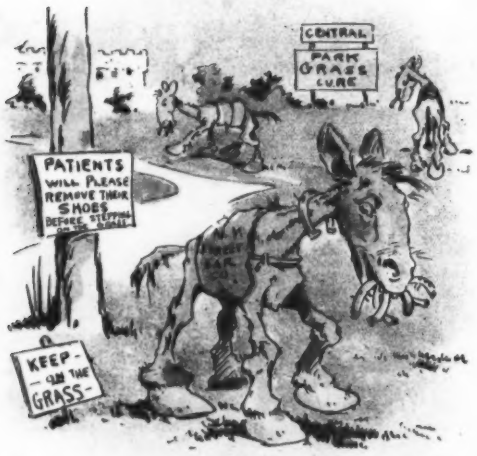
There will be a great many people who will want the Earth-cure. We believe it would be a valuable quarantine remedy for some of our immigrants.

The Inverted-position cure may soon be taken by some to change the blood circulation, sending blood into the head, where it is much needed.

Devotees of the Dewy Dawn Corn-cure are realizing beyond their fondest hopes the benefits of the new discovery.

The Moon-cure will be much sought by love-sick patients and they will take their medicine in spoons as of yore.



Just the thing for contracted hoofs, sprains and ring-bones.

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The Populist faith-cure for the blind and dumb; infallible if you can convince yourself that a fifty-cent dollar is worth one hundred cents.

The Gout-cure may not become fashionable, but we believe this cure to be the only reliable one.

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THE GRASS CURE.
(With a few other suggestions.)